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# Dealing with a Pregnant Wife



silly

pregnancy

37 1 1

## Chapter 1 by Dove Moon

First Month:

I woke up groggily to the smell of pancakes. YES.

I stumbled off to the kitchen to see my wife standing at the stove with an apron on and humming to herself as she flipped pancakes.

"Hey darling." I came up behind her and pecked her on the cheek as I lazily wrapped my arms around her waist. She is so tiny and cute!

"Hey lazy." She growled back at me, the playfulness I'd seen last night was gone.

"Did I do something wrong..?" I asked, taking a step back. She was holding a spatula and I didn't want to take any chances with angering a woman in the kitchen.

"No. I just feel extremely mad at you for no reason."

Well how do I deal with this? "I'm sorry..?"

"Don't apologize you idiot!" She turned around and swung her spatula at me. THE SPATULA! I squeaked and ducked under the kitchen table, hissing at her. That usually makes her smile at least.

I was happy to see that my tactic didn't fail me as she started giggling. "Alright, get up. I'm not

mad anymore.

I had her anger gone that fast? Why did I even bother? I crawled out from under the table and looked around like a scared rabbit. I heard her snort and decided that if I didn't calm her down early, THINGS WOULD GET UGLY.

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"Alright Mr. Mouse, grab a plate and get some food before your endless pit of a stomach caves in." She pecked me on the cheek before grabbing a plate for herself and piling on a mountain of pancakes and bathing them in maple syrup.

I followed in her footsteps, my pile rivaling hers.

We made it into a race: see who can finish their pancakes first! As we scarfed down the syruped cakes and got it all over our faces, my wife started to slow down. At first I thought I was going to win, then she raced to the bathroom.

I swallowed what was in my mouth and cleaned my face off a little before following her to see if she was alright.

I found her knelt in front of the toilet, throwing up. "Eat too fast?" I guessed.

She nodded and wiped her face before flushing and standing up. "Looks like you win."

"I think we're both losers. My tummy is starting to hurt from eating so fast, too." I brought her to the couch and did the dishes without being asked. After that I sat next to her on the couch and she laid her head in my lap. t first I thought she was going to play with the strings on my shirt like she usually does, but instead, she fell asleep with the news in the background. It was only 10 in the morning and she was already wiped out. Usually I can't do that even after an hour of play. I put my hand on her forehead. No there was no fever. So why was she so tired so early in the morning?

A few weeks had passed, and though she didn't develop a fever, she did start getting sick in the mornings a lot, and was tired most of the time. Most of what she ate and was able to keep down was WEIRD. One time she wanted sausage with ice cream and pickles!

I figured that we should make a doctor's appointment ASAP. So we did. When we got the results back, I was NOT ready for it.

"Congratulations! You're expecting a baby!" Were the exact words of the doctor who had a bright smile on his face.

My wife's exact words? "CAN YOU BELIEVE IT SEAN?! I'M PREGNANT!!

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AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"
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I was in utter shock as to how I didn't see it earlier. She was having mood swings, morning

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So I Was thinking of doing this month by month, but whatever you guys what to do is fine too. I accidentally established the Husband's name is Sean, so what is the Wife's name? Is she going to have a boy or a girl? What will the baby be named? Will Sean survive the nine months of hell--err I mean pregnancy that lie ahead of him?

## Chapter 2 by Meg



hi

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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